

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter. VOLUME 47. NO. 15,801.

MAGISTRATES AND MONEY.

It is an interesting coincidence that the price alleged to have been paid by a city magistrate for his appointment—\$15,000—is the same that some police captains expected to pay for promotion to inspector.

In the Boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx there are fourteen police magistrates, each of whom receives \$7,000 a year salary. Over two-thirds in number of the arrests made by the police are finally disposed of by them. The smaller fraction of accused men are tried in the Court of Special Sessions or in the Court of General Sessions.

The investigation which the Grand Jury has begun into the doings of certain police magistrates has substantial foundation not only in general public rumor but in the disposal made by the suspected magistrates of certain cases before them.

These magistrates, being the next step in the criminal machinery after the police, have apparently in some instances imitated the corrupt practices of the police.

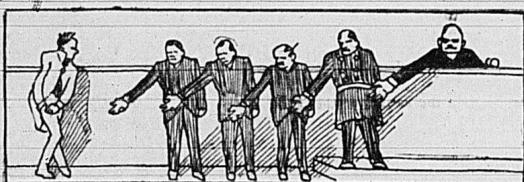
The difference between the salary of a police captain, \$2,750, and the salary of an inspector, \$3,500, is only \$750, less than the interest at 6 per cent. on the \$15,000 promotion money. To make such a transaction profitable to the purchaser there must be an enlargement of the field for unlawful income.

Naturally the same illicit transactions would follow when a police magistrate has paid for the political influence which secured his appointment.

One specific case under investigation by the Grand Jury is a charge that a man arrested for receiving stolen goods paid \$4,000 for the magistrate to adjourn the case until the witnesses against him were tired out and then to discharge him.

The noticeable difference in New York crime in recent years has been the legal machinery prepared in advance by criminals for their escape. Pickpockets, burglars, sneak thieves, receivers of stolen goods and other habitual criminals have apparently combined to defeat justice. They have organized sets of lawyers and witnesses. They have in some secret treasury a large available defense fund. Their means of escape when detected are provided for in advance.

While the majority of the police magistrates are men of honor and lawyers of standing, there are on the magistrates' bench certain individuals whose actions and associations are responsible for the general suspicion which attaches to their official conduct.



That a certain magistrate rejects the bonds of everybody except a favorite bondsman is proof of favoritism and ground for a belief of participation in the bondsman's profits.

That certain magistrates discriminate in favor of certain attorneys and aid in securing these attorneys business and fees is certainly proof of their judicial unfitness and tends to confirm an impression of corrupt collusion.

That certain magistrates should mitigate the charge or finally wholly discharge men engaged in certain offenses is again proof of lack of impartiality in enforcing the law.

That these things have habitually happened in matters before certain magistrates is a conclusive reason for the Grand Jury fully to investigate, and so far as lies within its power to purge the bench.

The police magistrate is the only judge with whom the great majority of the population ever come in contact. For its effect upon public confidence in the administration of justice it is fully as important that the police bench should be pure as that the higher courts should be unimpaired and impartial.

Letters from the People.

A Good Philanthropy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In the past five years the cost of living has increased at least 15 per cent. and the wages of nearly all classes of labor has increased proportionately. But women's wages remain practically the same. I have often wondered that some of our wealthy men do not try to build suitable homes for these young women, where they can get their rooms and meals at the very lowest prices possible. I believe that in modern buildings erected for the purpose they could be accommodated cheaper and better than they are now, besides paying a handsome interest on the money invested in such an enterprise.

Warm Hat Crusade.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In Northern cities in cold weather men wear comfortable, and not uncomfortable, fur caps. These keep head and ears warm. Here we also have bitter weather in winter. Yet we wear dinky little devices and stoupies and suffer agonies from frosted ears and cold heads. Won't somebody be sensible and start a warm hat crusade this winter?

Pathetic Plight of Old Man.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am an old man and in good health and I am capable of earning a living now as men twenty years younger who have employment, but I wear glasses, and my hair is white, and therefore I am refused when I seek employment. I do not expect to get the same pay as younger men, though I can do a fair day's work. What are old men to do? Go to the almshouse? Commit suicide? There seems no place for an old man now, though when I was young there were plenty of old men employed; but times have changed. I would like to learn the opinions of other old men.

For Free Coffee.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Next that cold weather is drawing near, a good big mugful of coffee served free with meals would be appreciated by diners and contribute much toward the diner's enjoyment. Many go in for coffee, others prefer tea. But all people are glad to have one or the other, cheap, strong and hot, and served in a good-sized mug; not necessarily in a cup. Let restaurant keepers think this over. OYER ET TEFIMEN.

Up-to-Date Aids.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Did you ever stop to think what an artificial eye we live in? We see by artificial aids (glasses), we eat by artificial means (false teeth); we move by artificial means (steam or electricity); we beautify and brace our figures with corsets and pads; we add to our height by loose heels; we dull pain with anæsthetics; we force sleep with sedatives and force hunger with appetizers, and force spirits with liquor. What on earth did our ancestors do before the days of glasses, false teeth, corsets, anæsthetics, mixed drinks, motive power, modern drugs, etc.? Were they all a race of freaks, or were they far sturdier and happier than we? Let this be discussed.

The Pole Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The 50-foot tapered pole, being 2 feet 6 inches in diameter at bottom and sloping up to a point, would have an average diameter of 15 inches and a circumference of 47.124 inches and an area of 6933.92 square inches. The ribbon is 36 inches wide, but since it is to be wrapped around the pole with a space of 1/8 inch between each round, this ribbon can be considered 35 inches wide. So the problem now reads: "How long

Commercial.

A piece of ribbon 42 inches wide would cover an area of 6933.92 square inches (the area of the pole). The area of pole and ribbon are the same. Therefore 42 times the length of the ribbon must equal that of the pole, or 6933.92 square inches. Divide by 42. This shows it is 165.1 square inches or 10.5 feet.

Commercial.

Up-to-Date Aids. To the Editor of The Evening World: Did you ever stop to think what an artificial eye we live in? We see by artificial aids (glasses), we eat by artificial means (false teeth); we move by artificial means (steam or electricity); we beautify and brace our figures with corsets and pads; we add to our height by loose heels; we dull pain with anæsthetics; we force sleep with sedatives and force hunger with appetizers, and force spirits with liquor. What on earth did our ancestors do before the days of glasses, false teeth, corsets, anæsthetics, mixed drinks, motive power, modern drugs, etc.? Were they all a race of freaks, or were they far sturdier and happier than we? Let this be discussed.

How Different.

By J. Campbell Cory.



IN PUBLIC

© Cory 1906

THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

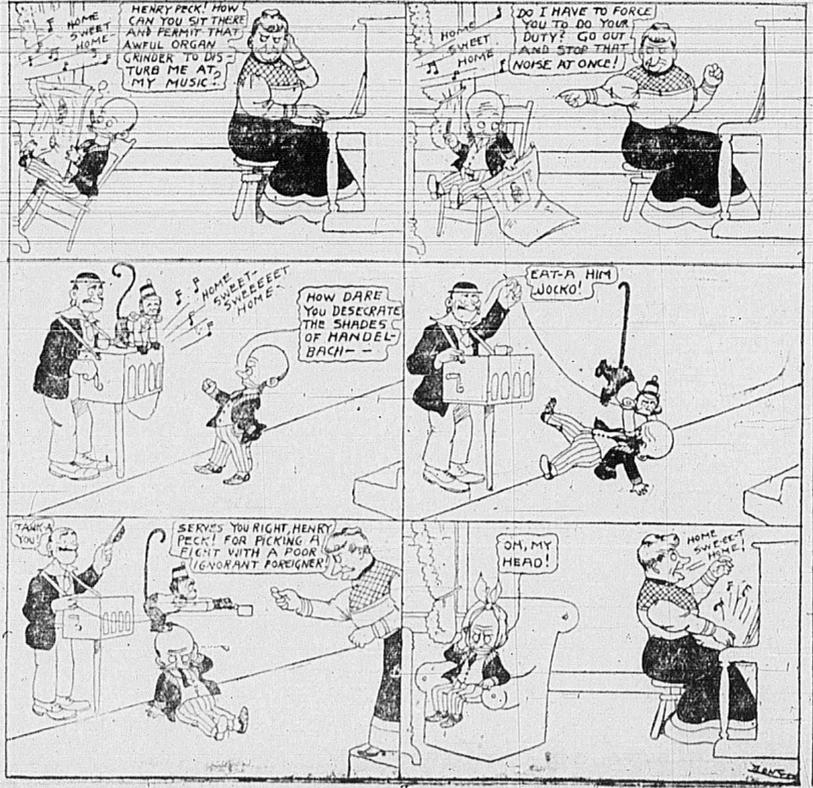


"LET'S go in and have a drink," said Mr. Hangle as he and Mr. Jerr met outside the latter's office, the other evening. "Can't do it, old man," said Mr. Jerr. "I promised to be home early and take the missus and the kids out to the theatre." "Well, having a little ball won't prevent that," replied Mr. Hangle. "Come on! One won't hurt you." Here follows how married men fall, and snatched the awful shadow of the gin-mill across what would otherwise be thousands of happy homes, maybe. "Gimme a little settler," said Mr. Jerr, as soon as his foot was comfortably on the rail and his elbow on the bar. "No, I said 'Who's in'!" replied the newcomer. "But that's a good whoeza. Hughes! 'Who's in'! Hah! Best I've heard in a long time! Have another!" The other was had, and then there was a friendly squabble as to who would get the checks; each insisting it was his treat. This argument was settled by another acquaintance butting in and confiscating the checks. His name was Jones, and he only relinquished the bits of pasteboard under promise that he should have the honor of paying for the next round. "I won't take any more," said Mr. Jerr, when such a proceeding was proposed. "I've got to hurry home to supper, and then take my family to the theatre." "What's your hurry?" said Boozely. "Come in to the back and let me show you 'Money Ball' pool. It's the only way they play pool out West." "I'll look on a minute, but I won't play," said Mr. Jerr. The party adjourned to the next room, and Jones, the latest comer, left the check for the last drink on the lay. "One of you gents has forgotten something," said the bartender. So Mr. Jerr, Mr. Jones affecting not to hear, gathered his check in with the others and paid for it, likewise. The pool game was started at a quarter of eight. Getting the 1, 2 or 3 or 15 number balls being paid a quarter by the others not so fortunate, and the man getting the highest count of points, by adding the numbered balls he put in the pockets, also receiving a quarter from the other players. The lowest man paid for the drinks. Jones, the four-fush, won two of the money balls and got the highest points as well. This gratified Mr. Jerr, and he determined to play one game to show this fellow, and then hurry home. Mr. Jerr lost consistently. He held on for pride's sake, but to win another. Finally, after some words with Jones, he threw his cue at the attendant and hurried home. It was after nine. A single light burned dimly in the dining-room, and there on the table, which had no sign of a meal on it, was a note which read: "Have taken the children and gone home to mother." Mr. Jerr sat down, aghast, stunned. Then he turned up the light and read again: "Have taken the children and gone home WITH mother." Mr. Jerr turned over the page, and the letter continued: "Sorry to disappoint you about the theatre. But mother has baked cookies, and the children think they would rather go home with her and eat them and go to the theatre some other night. It's the girl's day out. You can go out and get dinner and come for us at eleven. Clara."

And then Mr. Jerr noticed that the note was dated 4 P. M. Later he was very severe with Mrs. Jerr because she hadn't telephoned to him and let him know he was expected. "That's no excuse for your drinking," said his wife. "What's a man to do when he comes home early and finds his house deserted and no supper, and no alternative but to go to your mother's and have to listen to her 'hard luck stories'?" asked Mr. Jerr. "This point of view so impressed him that for some hours he miserably regarded himself as the most martyred of married men."

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb
The Spider-and-Fly Classic to Date.
IN this town the visible signs fall so often that the regular dope sheet contains as many false entries as a subscription edition of an Elite Directory in Pittsburg, and for steady use it isn't nearly as reliable as the Gipsy Queen's Dream Book, given free with every dollar bottle of Sogwow Indian Tonic.
There is a classic to the effect that when a grassed outsider goes against the bucket-shopping game of the great city he has about as much chance as a new pastor among a hostile Polish congregation in the hard coal region. On memory's walls there hangs a picture of Tecumseh H. Fly, from the Deep Woods, dropping into the cozy little establishment of J. Algernon Webweaver, in the Death Valley end of Wall street, and being divested down to his secondary set of wings and his garter buckles. According to the time-honored version, the moral must always show the poor, foolish, buzzing insect returning to Pawpaw Junction in his undershirt and afoot.
But let us consult the facts. Every now and then the financial district is invaded by a gentleman wearing one of those examples of the glazier's art which prove so conclusively that the Brazilians are, indeed, an ignominious people. He is the kind who can make the Rio Janeiro brand look like real jewelry merely by screwing it into his shirt. His shirt is under his hat where nobody can take it away from him except by trepanning. He is strong for the get-rich-quick promise and the get-scarce-quicker performance. In Broadway he has a rating of XX-23, signifying the double cross and the abrupt fade-away. In short, he appears to be all to the liquid gush when it comes to gumming down his share of the current fly crop.
The life-line of this gentleman is presently crossed by a person with a raw oyster eye and a saint-at-rest expression. You can gaze at him, and catch the odor of the new moon hay and the tang of the mellowing wine-sap, slightly toned by temporary association with our subway. He looks like one of those people who wear health underwear and decide what they'll eat by reading the breakfast food ads in the street car coming down a morning. He is plainly a star member of the class who imbibes a few stanzas out of the Encyclopedia Britannica when they want a little light literature and write long letters to newspaper editors on such timely and catchy topics as "A Defense of the Late Bender Family of Kansas," by "One Who Knew Them Well."
He imbibes Brother Spider's lovely prospectuses touching on the merits of the Dentist's Dream Gold Mining Company, owning properties of such richness that you can dig the pure stuff out with one hand and with the other plug teeth with it. He opens negotiations regarding some of those ever-popular stocks now selling at 7 1/2 cents a share but guaranteed to go to \$11,000 inside of ninety days.
The jeweled highbinder has a soothing mental vision of Mr. Fly taking down from the kitchen joist the gray yarn sock containing the continent fund. It was laid by for a rainy day, he knows, and already he can notice a clouding up in the vicinity of Mr. Fly's domicile.
There ensue certain proceedings which a beginner in the realm of finance could not understand without a chart. Often Mr. Fly becomes Mr. Spider's local agent in his home town. And then—
THE FUNNY PART:
In about six cases out of ten Mr. Spider takes either the bankruptcy law or the first steamer for Algeria, and Mr. Fly adds materially to his real estate holdings.

Straight Talks to The Men in the News

By Nixola Greeley-Smith. The Man with a Brilliant Wife.



DEAR MR. STUYVESANT FISH: A brief notice in yesterday's papers announced your resignation as vice-president and director of the Railroad Securities Company. It was a very brief notice, for brevity has always been the distinguishing characteristic of your sparse appearances in print.
Financially you have been one of the big men of the country for many years. Actually the number of people who know much about you is limited to the circle of your personal acquaintances. For you have successfully eluded the white light of publicity that shines upon the sensation-prone just or unjust, and that is perhaps the most remarkable of your many achievements.
Your name, to be sure, has been always in the papers, but it has been so professed that to the unthinking you are known chiefly as the husband of a brilliant and fashionable woman.
Once, several years ago, when I was seeking an interview with Charles F. Murphy, I sat on a bench in Stuyvesant square waiting for the hour when I had been told that a certain man would be home, and talked to a very poor woman also seated there, about newspapers.
"What," I asked her, "do you like most to read in the papers?" and without an instant's wavering she answered: "I like to read about Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish."
Certainly her literary tastes—and incidentally there are millions of her—have been amply gratified.
You, whose exits and entrances on the public scene have been quite without orchestral accompaniment, and an unknown quantity to the thousands of readers in whose homes Mrs. Fish's name has become the synonym for brilliancy. Yet you have never once been called "Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's husband," and are a rare instance of a man whose own public identity has survived the possession of a clever wife.
Married couples are so invariably classified as "Mr. Jones" and "Mr. Jones's wife," or as Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Brown's husband, that yours is the only case I can recall where husband and wife have followed separate orbits without clashing or becoming mistaken for each other.
You can retire from the vice-presidency of the Railroad Securities Company and lose that a kindred words are printed about it.
If Mrs. Fish were to put aside her leadership of the younger multi-millionaires she could not escape with less than a page in nearly every newspaper in town.
Which is the more desirable achievement, of course, depends on the point of view.
But yours is certainly the more difficult.
Any one can get into the papers these days, but it takes positive genius to keep out of them. And you have it.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that about a hundred Suffragettes in England rough-housed the House of Commons trying to make the statesmen adopt a law giving them votes."
"It's all off," declared the Man Higher Up. "You can't stop 'em. When less than a hundred women can put the House of Commons on the bum hollering for votes what will happen when the craze strikes New York, and a couple of thousand females who have been training for years on the surface cars, the 'L' lines and the Subway make a rush on the City Hall? There's nothing to it."
"When women have votes this is going to be a hot country to live in. Have you ever met a professional woman politician? She is a man beaten to a frazzle. She can commit more kinds of assault and battery on truth than any man would be brutal enough to stand for, but she's shy when she comes to telling other women who don't agree with her what she thinks of them. She tells the truth even every time and presents it in the altogether."
"Some men who think they know women because they can button a woman's waist up the back without pulling her all over the flat venture to assert that if we ever give women votes in this country the idea will prove to be unpopular and will eventually be thrown into the discard with the hoop skirt and other relics of bygone days. These men maintain that while woman is gaited naturally to swing, con, josh and otherwise make a man foolish, she is bound to fall down on her nose. As an individual performer, working with one man, or sometimes two, or three, or maybe, five, all she has to do is to crack the whip. But if the women should form a party, for instance, and proclaim that they wanted their rights and begin acting in concert, as it were, all the wiles they could pull wouldn't make a nose-ering for a snail."
"A few hundred other to a blister from the platform and all make up after the thing is over and the majority has won. But when a lot of women get together and the majority wins the minority will never speak to them again. Then the majority splits up into three or four parties and the minority does likewise, and the first thing you know the husbands of a couple of the women meet in a quiet public place with a lot of people and policemen around and caress each other with billiard cues or bottles."
"Women can't understand politics," proclaimed the Cigar Store Man. "Maybe not," assented the Man Higher Up. "Women don't understand a lot of things they get away with."